BE ACTIVE.

Be active-be active-find something to do. In digging a clam bank, or tapping a shoe Don't stop at the corners to drag out the day Be active, be active, and work while you may Tis foolish to falter or lag in the street, Or walk as if chain-shot were bound to your feet; Be active, be active, and do what you can; Tis industry only that maketh the man. 'Tis industry makes you, remember; be wise, From sloth and from stuper awake and arise You'll live and be happy, and never complain Of the blues or the dumps, or a dull, heavy brain

From the Vermont Family Gazette.

## Mr Crosby's Step-Daughter.

It was a fine morning early in June. The sun rose brightly from his couch of rosy clouds, and poured a glorious flood of light over a quiet little village—nestled away among the rugged hills of the "Granite State." With welcome instructivethe "Granite State." ness he stole within the open casement of a quaint old house that stood at the extremity of the narrow street which extended with the bright beams played and quivered upon the uncarpeted Standing beside the casement is a young girlthe subject of my story. I will not call her the heroine, for never did heroine of romance possess the unattractive features which characterize my "subject." A dark complexion, and plain face are only relieved from positive ugliness by expressive black eyes, and teeth of pearly whiteness; her form is slight, and although nearly fourteen, she seems not more than twelve. The little maiden appears unusually ugly upon this fine morning, for she has been weeping; and even now as her dark eyes wander around the familiar room, and out upon her own little garden spot, the tears start afresh; her Aunt Temple with whom she has resided for many years is dead, and our young friend is about to seek the home of her rich step father in a distant city; it is this that occasions Rachel Clay's sorrow, and she keenly feels her situation. for Miss Temple was her only relative.

Rachel's mother had married Mr Crosby when her daughter was but five years old, and she died shortly after her second union, leaving her child to the protection of a maiden sister. Rachel Clay had but a faint remembrance of her step father's proud home, though there appeared in the ground of memory's picture a vision of two fair children -the offspring of Mr Crosby's first marriage. How would these children of a noble fortune receive the humble orphan who could claim no consanguinity with their proud race?

"Come Miss Rachel, we must be starting," said a rough, though good natured looking man, peering in at the open door. "I know it's hard for you to leave the old house and the mistress not been dead a week, but young hearts don't remember grief long, and you'll be happy enough in Mr Croshy's grand house when this day comes round next year; so cheer up my darlint, and we'll have a gay drive to the city.

Two days from this time, the humble equipage of honest John Chase drew up before a stately mansion in Boston, and deposited Rachel Clay at the door of her future home.

"Now, my dear, you had best go in by yourself," said the man, as he placed the baggage upon the step. "May be the grand folks won't care to look on my old frock and brown face, so good bye and don't forget me and ma'am Chase, for we'll remember little Rachel a long spell I guess."

The child looked thro' her tears at the departing vehicle until it disappeared round a corner, and then wiping her eyes she timidly rapped upon the door. There was a gilded knob close by the handle, but Rachel did not know that by one slight pull she could summon a servant. In her retired yillage, door bells had never been introduced, so she continued to rap till her tiny fingers ached, and then she ventured to enter without an invitation. A servant was crossing the hall, but he and sympathy. Rachel was so intently poring upon humble Rachel Clay. Aunt Olive and Cecharacter as an officer is so respectable." All ed and listened to her faltering words.

'And it's the master you want to see," said the man, "well, he's in that room; but if you be a little charity gal, as I' spect, don't ask nothing of the female gender, but go straight to Mr Crosby and I'll warrant he'll give you a bit." Rachel gazed in wonder at the man, and then looked down upon her nice calico frock and new calf skin shoes, and thought she certainly had not the appearance of a beggar. Passing on, our young friend entered the designated apartment, and found the family assembled around the table.-Her glance first rested upon a firm, elderly lady, who with an unmistakable nir of feminine love of authority was doing the honors of the table.-She was the maiden sister of Mr Crosby's first wife, and aunt to the bandsome children that sat beside her. Miss Winter, or "aunt Olive," as she was usually called, was the first to notice the introder. and dropping the silver tea urn, she exclaimed in a high sharp key:

"What do you want here, child?"

Rachel's tongue seemed suddenly paralyzed, and she gazed in terror at the proud woman. "Do you wish for any thing, little one?" said Mr Crosby, mildly, who had finished his meal and now with the freedom of an indolent man, and a laid aside 'Young's Night Thoughts,' and substi-"millionaire," was lounging upon a sofa. The tuted the terrible pages of the famed giant, which gentleman's kind manner re-assured the little girl, and she timidly replied,
"I am Rachel Clay, and my aunt Temple is

dead; before she died she told me to come to you, and said that you would be-be kind to me!"

Mr Crosby drew her to his side and looked earnestly in her face. Alas! there was little of of mind' ascribed to her, and was now both frightbeauty dwelling in Rachel's dark face; but the ened and offended at Meredith's manner. Though impress of a good heart, and an innocent, noble lacking in a knowledge of the prescribed rules of mind, was visible, and in those dark eyes and in the broad forehead, Mr Crosby forgot the wide and self respect, that could ill brook such familmouth and tawny skin of his little step daughter. Her presence brought back to his memory the gentle woman, who for a few short months had her mind, for he immediately addedbeen his bride, ere death summoned her from the world, and he felt his heart warm towards the orplan. Annt Olive's feelings, however, were dif- story of the giant is quite pretty. ferent. She had never forgotten Mr Crosby's second marriage, and she looked with any thing but kindness upon the destitute creature thus introduced into the family. The moment that she found her brother-in-law alone, she broached the subject nearest her heart, or rather her pride.
"You cannot think of keeping that ugly child

here," she said -- "remember you have children of not now quite a child, though you seem determinyour own,-a daughter whose feelings must be re- ed to treat me like one." garded, and whose position in society must be

"Have you fears that Rachel will monopolize from what he was expecting Miss Celestina's beaux?" asked the gentleman, with a lurking smile.

"Good Heaven! brother, how can you ask such tell me wherein he interests you?" a question? Your daughter is decidedly beautiful, and I am proud of the attention she receives, but this ill looking girl will be a constant source

of mortification to her." Mr Crosby, like many other men, was a lover of ease, therefore he seldom combatted aunt Olive's or Celeste's projects; but the former had learned from experience that there were bounds to his patience, and the proud woman knew that her scheme was at an end when he replied in a quiet, lighter productions for a sunny day and an un-

though decided tonesister; so say no more, but teach Celeste to sub- harmonize.' due her pride into sisterly kindness for the poor

ere she learned that Mr Crosby was the only one her hand, and exclaimed, from whom she might expect kindness. Celeste, a haughty belle of eighteen, treated her with a your heart is old in sorrow.' to abbreviate the soubriquet to Tot, and the young prise at poor "Tot's companion. gentleman experienced infinite satisfaction in annoying Tot when not restrained by his father's chel, striving to pass Meredith.

itude of her room, and never appeared in the fam- poems that I think will interest you; so when ily unless compelled by necessity to undergo the you will meet me here and look at them. rdeal of derision and contempt. But our young in the library, among the thoughts of great minds. expression, and then as if satisfied with he scru-It was not to the lighter productions of genius that tiny, she carelessly answered. she turned for consolation in her lonely life. Miss Temple, who had been a second mother to Rachel hour. Clay, had carefully selected her niece's little library from good authors, and under the diseastian and study Your red a cultivated taste and superior understanding, floor as the breeze shook the masses of lilaes Miss Temple had commended, thereby storing Meredith, as Rachel disappeared. Sorros and her mind with a knowledge that was infintely su- oppression have chilled the joyous curant of perior to the useless accomplishments of Miss youthful spirits, and compelled that youngerea-

gladly speak more definitely of their progress, but remedy for ennui. minute details are an "Editor's horror," therefore a new character.

month previous to his departure for Europe at all its wealth of love, was his own. Mr Crosby's mansion. On the second morning of "This is our last meeting, Rachel," said Merhis visit, as he sat with Aunt Olive and Celeste, edith, on a golden September evening, as leseatthe door opened and a young girl entered. She ed himself by her side, "our ship sails to-morow, was attired in coarse garments made after the sim- and I must bid you adjen to-night." ple fashion of childhood, and her hair of raven hue was parted back from the forehead and done up in a huge paper roll upon the neck .- Although now sixteen, Rachel looked but little older than when first presented to the reader.-Her slight wishes of one grateful heart." form, and the dress which it was aunt Olive's poliey that she should wear, together with her timid, I came?" unformed manner, gave her the appearance of a child of some twelve summers. On entering, Ra- had no one to talk with-no one to be kind to me chel glanced hastily at the stranger, and then with a deprecating look at aunt Olive, quickly retreated; the humble girl had been told by the proud lady, that the drawing room was not her proper place, and indeed it was seldom she intruded upon the forbidden ground.

"Is that little girl a daughter of Mr Crosby?" asked Meredith, as Rachel disappeared. "No," hesitatingly replied Aunt Olive, "she is a connexion of my brother's second wife; the child is a destitute creature, with some peculiarities of

Philip Meredith said no more, and indeed he wished that he had not spoken at all, for he tho't that Rachel Clay must be either a lunatic or an idiot, he could not determine which, though the child's large bright eyes inclined him to believe her a victim of lunacy. A week passed by, and the guest saw no more the unquiet "spirit" that wandered like a little ghost about the house, and her locality at length became quite a speculation to One dull, rainy morning, Meredith watched the sendding clouds in the vain hope that they would break away, and allow a ray of the sun to peep forth. He talked sentiment with pretty Celeste, until he wearied of the soft nothings which her levely lips uttered, and then sanntered to the over a volume that she did not notice his intrusion, and he advanced towards the window, murmur-

leste, I pity her indeed."

Meredith kindly placed his hand upon Rachel's ead, and our young friend look ed, and then retreated towar

"Nay, do not go," said he, slaced her again upon the chair.

"Can you read, my dear?" he asked. Rachel fixed her eyes intently upon her strange ter of her timidity, she broke into a laugh so nusical, so full of glee, that Meredith was obliged to join, though he thought it only another proof of her deficiency of intellect.

"What is your name, little one?" he said. A deep blush mantled over Rachel's plain face

as she answered her interrogator. "Well, Rachel, you cannot be interested in this grave volume; here is a book of pictures, with the story of Giant killing Jack, which we will read together;" and thus saying, Mr Philip Meredith years before had been under the inspection of Master Robert Crosby's infantine years. If Rachel Clay had heard Aunt Olive's history of 'my brother's second wife's relation,' she would have possessed the key to her companion's strange conduct. But she was ignorant of the 'peculiarities etiquette, she yet possessed a firmness of mind, iarity from an entire stranger.—Perhaps Meredith

read in her face something of what was passing in "Pray do not be offended, I only took from you that book because of its dullness; believe me, this

'Young' was her Aunt Temple's favorite author, and Rachel would not hear him disparaged, even any two rods of unequal length, place the shorted by the fine gentleman who now addressed her. "I think you give me credit for a strange taste," she said, gravely. "When a child this fable could please me, and many a time have I listened with the distance between the rods is to the height dithe ever increasing interest to its repetition, but I am long rod over the short one, so is the distance of the not now quite a child, though you seem determinion rod from the building to the beight of the freid

It must be confessed that the handsome Philip Meredith was astonished at this reply, so different

"But you must excuse me if I still persist in calling Young a dull author," he said.

"Oh, I can tell you why you do not like him," exclaimed Rachel, who was fast recovering her good humor. "It is because you do not select a suitable time for reading him; it is only on such a day as this that he should be read—when the gloom of the heavens assimilates so well with his mournful and grand conceptions; or in the solemn "Oh, I can tell you why you do not like him," good humor. "It is because you do not select a gloom of the heavens assimilates so well with his mournful and grand conceptions ; or in the solemn laugh, grew dark with the effort and then colla hours of the night-that silent time in which he professes to have written this book ; give me the folds of old Roger's shirt frills .- Post. clouded spirit; but with a dreary sky, and sad-"Rachel Clay will remain with us at present, dened heart, Young's profound ideas can alone

imated with the light of her strong intellect, and respecting the injuries you have received.

Ruchel had not lived in her new home a week, in the enthusiasm of the moment, Mereditheaught

"You are not happy! though so young hyears a naugury bene of eighteen, treated her with a your near is out it softow.

cold contempt that was hard indeed to bear; her "Rachel—Rachel Clay! Miss Winter ays do without regard to friend or foe. Having spent brother Robert, a proud youth, one year younger you come directly to her room and put to new his life in camp, he was frequently rough in his than Celeste, had christened the stranger, the trimming on her cap;" and as the slatterly ser- manners, and when excited, rash as a storm. Still "Hottentot," though his natural indolence led him vant delivered this message, she looked a sur-

"Nay, do not detain me a mome "But an instant,- only tell me when ju will

For a moment Rachel's keen eyes semed

"Thank you; "to-morrow morning I was study Young, while you are engaged will my

"No wonder that the sour old woman, ad her and she eagerly sought for the volumes which insipid niece, think her mind peculiar," m tered ture to turn to these musty books for sypathy Thus passed away two years, and we would and companionship. Heigho! well, I've find a

Days and weeks passed, and our proudingwe will pass over intervening events, and bring lishman had learned to look forward to the tolen our sketch to a close. But we must first introduce interviews in the library, as the only hours orth counting. Rachel possessed a retentive mejory, Philip Meredith was a young Englishman, and her mind was literally stored with knowedge wealthy, handsome and talented. He had formed while her heart retained the free, gushing is alsan acquaintance with Robert, and accepted an in- es of childhood, and ere the expiration of h visvitation from that young gentleman to spend the it, our gentleman knew that guileless heart with

Poor Rachel looked sorrowfully into hisface a noment and then replied-

"I shall regret your absence, sir; but lelieve me, you will earry to your distant home the good "Tell me, Rachel, have you been happier suce

"Oh, yes, much happier-before I knew you I

-or pity my hard lot." "And I, too, have marked the past month as brother, husband, every thing to you."

A joyful light broke into the desolate girl's ace, but it was immediately clouded by a look ofsettled sorrow.

"No, my friend, that can never be," she reli-"You have wealth, noble connexions, and a mind, which render her unfit to appear in society. fine person, and I-what am I? Look at my plain features, and think of my dependent position life. I have not even the mantle of wealt; to draw around my ill favored person the forbearance of my more fortunate fellow creatures. I wish you well, Philip, but my actions would belie my words were I to accede to your generous proposals. I am poor, but proud ; therefore will I bring no shadow upon your brighter destiny."

"You disregard your superiority of intellect, when speaking thus, Rachel, and forget that a noble mind has more attractions for me than a pretty face. I have wealth enough, without seekme, I should esteem you none the more, did you line into confusion, might have been faral in the possess all Miss Celeste's coveted gold."

subject of their private discourse. They only learned that Mcredith had not sued for the hand. His acts of kindness w 'If the poor creature is more vapid than Ce- of Miss Crosby, and the gentleman would not disclose any thing more, his bump of secretiveness (phrenologically speaking,) had suddenly increasup as if terri- ed, and when a few weeks afterwards, Rachel was placed at a celebrated "Young Ladies' Senhould be cruel inary," they had no idea that it was at the desire deed to deprive you of one pleasure; and you of Mr Philip Meredith. After the lapse of three ooked very happy when I entered." And he years, however, the gentleman returned and cmveyed our ugly subject to his proud English hone, ompanion, and then, merriment getting the bet- he, noble and proud as he was, should fancy utly destiny, all would have been well."

> And how did the bride wear her new honor Bravely, as we shall see. Some six months after her union, she attend with her husband an evening party given by a noble lady.

> "By the by," said one of two 'fashionables' were lounging through the well lighted salon, "who is that plain looking woman leaning so feniliarly upon Meredith's arm?"

"Why, don't you know? but, ah, I forget that vou have been an absentce from our circle : hat

lady is Phil's wife." "Impossible! Howard, I can hardly credt it, unless she possesses a good share of the precous metal, and yet I should think Meredith not quite money marrying man; he is too careles of wealth, to make it a consideration in the selection of a wife. Pray, can you tell me how much pld Phil received as an offset to that ugly face? "Not a groat, my boy," was the quiet reply

"Why then did Meredith marry her?" "Because she is a whole souled womanthose rarely found anomalies—a woman wi heart is all tenderness; and whose intellect is compass any thing; her mind is far superio her husband's, yet she looks up to him with a Ind of reverential idolatry. And Phil is the prodest man in England, with his ugly little brid."

To obtain Heights which cannot be Measured at any convenient distance from the buildir the long rod at such a distance from it, that loding over the short rod to the top of the building, that of the long rod shall cut that sight. Then sa as ing, to which result add the short rod, and you live the height of the building.

"Couldn't you get young pork, ma'am, to bke with your beans?" said old Roger, somewhat enically, as he sat at table one Sunday. "They tolone it was young," said the landlady. "Well, it maybe it was young," said the landlady. "Well, it meso, but gray hair is not a juvenile feature, by means, in our latitude, ma'am," continued he, f scattering dismay and crumbs amid the nicely plaid

INJURIES.—If a bee stings you, will you go to be hive and destroy it? Would not a thousand cope ened heart, Young's profound ideas can alone upon you? if you receive a trifling injury, do no about the streets proclaiming it, and be anxiot avenge it. Let it drop. It is wisdom to say

From Headlen's Washington and his Generals. Baron Stenben. .

Steuben was eccentric in his habits, frank, blunt, and irritable, and always expressed his sentiments act would always repay a sudden wrong; under that stern military exterior beat as kind a heart as ever dwelt in a human bosom. He was prodigned to a fault, and an appeal to his sympathies he could never resist—consequently, as objects of charity were painful enough during our Revolution, he was never long in the possession of money.

—Whenever he had any thing to eat, his table was crowded with officers, and often those of inferior rank. Once in directing some of the latter class to be invited, he said, "Poor fellows, they are the latter class to be invited, he said, "Poor fellows, they are the latter class to be invited, he said, "Poor fellows, they are the latter class to be invited, he said, "Poor fellows, they are the latter class to be invited, he said, "Poor fellows, they are the latter class to be invited, he said, "Poor fellows, they are the latter class to be invited, he said, "Poor fellows, they are the latter class to be invited, he said, "Poor fellows, they are the latter class to be invited, he said, "Poor fellows, they are the latter class to be invited, he said, "Poor fellows and Ground;—White and Brown Sagars of all kinds; Molasses; Sperm and Refined Whale Oil; Salcratus, Rice, Cassia, Pimento, Pepper, Nutmegs, Cloves, Cayenne, Starch, Ginger, Chocolate, Cocoa, Sticks, Cocoa Shells, Tapioca, Sago, Maccareni, Mustard, Keg and Box Raisins, Currants, Dates, Figs, Prunes, Tamarinda, Citron, Macc, Groupes; Castile, White & Brown Soaps, Shaving do. ad Ra- that stern military exterior beat as kind a heart Thus painfully situated, Rachel sought the sol- come here again; I have a volume of Ajerican could never resist—consequently, as objects of friend soon found an alleviation of her unhappiness reading her companion's soul, so earnest we their was crowded with officers, and often those of inclass to be invited, he said, "Poor fellows, they "I am usually to be found in the librariat this have field officers' stomachs, without their pay or

On one occasion, he sold part of his camp equipage in order to give a dinner to some French oficers, at whose table he had often been a guest. "I can stand it no longer," said he in his blunt nanner. "I will give one grand dinner to our allies, should I eat soup with a wooden spoon forever after." After the surrender of Yorktown, he sold his horse to be able to give a dinner to the British officers. Every major general in the army had extended this courtesy but him, and distressed at the reflection this cast upon his hospitality, he parted with his horse in order to raise the funds he needed. His watch had been pawn-exchange for Goods, by he could not borrow the money, this was his last resort. When the army was on the point of leaving Virginia, he went to Major North, who lay sick with a fever, and told him that he was to be left behind; " but," said he, "the instant you are able, leave this unhealthy place, I have left my sulky for you, and here, Chanding him a piece of gold) is half I possess in the world. God bless you -I can say no more." Of the strictest integrity and honor himself, he scorned meanness and treachery in others, and hence never could hear Arnold mentioned without an expression of indignation. Once, in reviewing a regiment, he heard the name of Benedict Arnold called in the muster roll. He immediately ordered the private bearing reading, and to bring all the aids of literature to bear on the cultivation of the feelings and understanding this detested cognomen to advance out of the

too respectable to bear the name of a traitor." the young man.

"Take any other, sir, mine is at your service." "Take any other, sir, mine is at your service.

He accepted it, and immediately land his name enrolled Frederic William Steuben. The Baron thor, connected with its rapid sale, and the unbounded settled upon him in return a possion of five dol-lars a month, and afterwards gave him a tract of ers full confidence in the real value and entire success

With all his strict notions of discipline & subordination, he was prompt to redress the dightest wrong done to the meanest soldier. Once on a review near Morristown, he ordered a Lieutenant Gibbons to be arrested on the spot for a supposed error, and he felt the disgrace keenly. onel of the regiment saw that he had been much wronged, and waiting till the Baron's wrath had subsided, advanced and told him that the young officer was not in the fault, and was suffering keenly under the mortification inflicted upon him. Ask Lieut. Gibbons to come to the front, Colonel,"
said the veteran.—He was brought forward, when
Steuben said aloud before the whole regiment,
"Sir, the fault which was made by throwing the
line into confusion, might have been fa'd in the

Interpretation of the Messrs. Chambers. It unites the useful
and the entertaining. We hope its circulation here
will be large enough to supplant to a good extent, the
namby-pamby and immoral works which have so long
been too widely circulated.

From the Mercantile Journal, Boston. Ask Lieut, Gibbons to come to the front, Colonel,' ing for that desideratum in a bride; and, believe "Sir, the fault which was made by throwing the presence of an enemy. I arrested you as its suptina in vain questioned Mr Crosby as to the this passed with the Baron's hat off, the rain pour-

His acts of kindness were innumerable. passing from New York to Virginia, on one oc- feel that we must bid it a most cordial welcome. easion, he heard a constant wailing in the fore- in England there are more such works, let's have part of the vessel, and on inquiring the cause, and being told that a little negro boy who had been purchased by a southern gentleman was crying for his parents, he immediately purchased him and carried him back to his home. Soon after the little fellow, while fishing, fell into the water and was drowned. When the Baron heard of it they suddenly ceased speaking of that mysteriaus he evinced deep emotion, saying; "I have been before the public,—and this is done, too, in so cheap a manner that the blessing becomes at once wide-spread

The disbanding of the army at Newburgh was a distressing scene-officers and men were required to lay down their arms, and poor, unpaid, and destitute, to return to their homes. Steuben. though he had no home, nor relative in the country, and was a stranger in an impoverished land. still endeavored to cheer up the desponding offieers and throw a little sunshine on the gloom. Seeing Col. Cochran standing alone, the picture of sorrow, he tried to comfort him by saying that better would come.

"For myself," replied the brave officer, "I can stand it. But my wife and daughters are in the garret of that wretched tavern, and I have no where to carry them, or even money to remove

"Come, come," said the Baron, whose kind nature this reply had completely overcome, "I will ted to the wants of the people pay my respects to Mrs Cochran, and your daughters, if you please;" and away he strode to the tavern.

contents of his purse on the table, and then hastened away to escape the tears and blessings that were rained upon him. As he walked towards the hearts of its readers, and be a highly valuable adthe wharf, he came upon a poor negro soldier, dition to public and private libraries. whose wounds were still unhealed, bitterly lamenting that he had not the means with which to get to New York. Touched with his sufferings, is, "in short, to furnish an unobtrusive friend and the Baron's hand immediately sought his pocket; but the last cent had been left in the garret; so turning to an officer he borrowed a dollar, and handing it to the negro, hailed a sloop and put him on board. As the poor fellow hobbled on deck, he turned and with tears running down his face, he exclaimed: "God Almighty bless you, Master Baron!" The veteran brushed a from his eye, and turned away.-Thus did the melt like a child's at the call of sympathy.

the soil he helped to free; and though the nation of almost every pocket. refuses to erect a monument to his memory, when we cease to remember his deeds, we shall be unworthy the heritage he left us.

Money may purchase the labor of the hands, but the heart service which makes labor light—which a-lone ensures order and harmony, and comfort in the little world of home-what is the equivalent of this?

'Love, and love only is the boon for love,' atd if lated sum of money will secure from a stranger that they are insued from the press. care and attention which she finds a burden too GOULD, KENDALL & LINCOLN,

New Store and New Goods,

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Also, Nails, Glass, Shovels, Shot, Rope, Sieves, Door and Carriage Mats, Bashets, Brooms, Pails, Tubs, &c.—all of which, being bought for Cash, will be sold low for Cash or ready pay. November 3d, 1847

Butter, Cheese, Apples, Potatoes, Dry Apple, Oats, Rye, Corn, Barley, Beans and most kinds of Country Produce taken in 1 W FROST

NEW WORK.

Chamber's Miscellany OF USEFUL AND ENTERTAINING KOWLEDGE. Edited by Robert Charbers, Author of "Cyclopedia of English Literature. With Elegant Illustrative Engravings. Price 25 cents per No.

OULD, KENDALL & LINCOLN are happy to G OULD, KENDALL & LINCOLN are nappy to announce that they have completed arrangements with the Messrs. Chambers, of Edinburgh, for the republication, in semi-monthly numbers, of Chamber's Miscellary. The design of the Miscellary is to supply the in-

bing this detested cognomen to advance out of the line. He was a fine looking fellow—every inch a soldier—and the Baron, after surveying him a moment, said:

"Change your name, brother soldier; you was too respectable to bear the name of a traitor."

"What name shall I take, General?" inquired the young man.

"Take any other, sir, mine is at your service."

"The universally acknowledged merits of the Cy."

"The universally acknowledged merits of the Cy."

of the present work.

The publication has already commenced, and will be ontinued semi-monthly. Each number will form a complete work, and every third number will be furnished with a title page and table of contents, thus forming a beautifully illustrated volume of over 500 pages of useful and entertaining reading, adapted to every class of readers. The whole to be completed in thirty numbers, forming ten elegant volumes.

NOTICES OF THE PRESS. From the N. Y. Commercial Advertiser. We are glad to see an American issue of this publiation, and especially in so neat and convenient a form. It is an admirable compilation, distinguished by the good taste which has been shown in all the publica-

A most valuable work, and one that every body should possess. Edited by Robert Chambers, whose industry and talent and unrightness are well known, and must secure for the work before us an extensive circulation.

From the N. Y. Observer. A vast treasury of pleasant reading, which we com-From the Christian World, Boston

This is one of the most charming books that has fallen under our notice for a long time. Indeed, we fall that we must hid it a most cordial welcome. If From the Westfield Standard.

We are prepared to recommend it, without reserve, to the patronage of every lover of refined and solid From the Excelsior, Boston Truly useful and entertaining work. No men are better known than the Messrs. Chambers, of Edin-burgh, for their happy tact of spreading knowledge The Boston publishers descrive the thanks of all friends of general education for the interest they have taken Side and Chest, Lumbago and Weakness, than any circulating this work on this side of the Atlantic. We trust they may be amply rewarded by the favor of

nunity.

From the Palmyra Courier, N. Y. Our readers will bear us witness that we are not in the habit of "puffing" indiscriminately the periodical and serial publications of the day, but so impressed are we, from such indications as have been offered, and from the character of the editor and publishers of this Miscellany, that it will prove a most entertaining and useful work, and especially valuable to those who are forming their reading habits, and to parents who could cultivate a correct taste in their children, that we can not refrain from thus in advance asking attention to it.

From the Literary World, N. Y. for Le deserved success of Chamber's Cyclopædia of cents. English Literature has encouraged the publishers to commence reprinting this equally popular series. Its aim is more desultory and practical than the Cyclopædia, but it is compiled with equal judgment, and adap-

From the Practical Educator, Boston. on the plan of this work, and, also, judging from the first number, which we have received, we are led to believe it will be a very valuable publication. It He was not absent long, but he left happy hearts will be a different thing from the Cyclopædia, but of in that lone garret. He had emptied the entire vital importance to the reading public. It will contain interesting memoirs and historical sketches, which will be useful, instructive, and entertaining; it will throw

From the N. Y. Recorder. The character of the contents, and the reputation guide, a lively fireside companion, as far as that object

can be obtained through the instrumentality of books."

From the Chronotype, Boston.

This is deservedly a great favorite with the reading public, suiting the taste of all classes, and instructive

From the United States Gazette, Philadelphia. omises to be no less useful and popular From the N. Y. Albion.

melt like a child's at the call of sympathy.

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nable terms. The publisher of any respectable paper or periodical who will give this notice four insertions, and Love, and love only is the boon for love, and if the affection of the wife, does not lead her to love the household duties on which the comfort of her husband depends how vain to suppose that a stiputh be forwarded per mail unless otherwise directed, as

Oct. 7.

HEALTH! HEALTH! DR. WOOD'S

Sarsaparilla and Wild Cherry Bitters. THE following voluntary testimonial was given to the Agent, Mr M. Wikts, at Cambridge, Vt. and speaks volumes in favor of this medicine.

CAMBRIDGE, Vt. Sept. 1st, 1847.
Mr M. Wires—Dear Sir+ Having been a great sufferer from that torture of the human race, Dyspepsia, and having at last found relief, I feel desirous that and having at last found relief, I feel dearrons that others suffering,—and there are thousands,—should know the means by which I was cured. Until about a year since, I had suffered much from Heartburn, Headach and Dizziness, so much so that I was confined to my house most of the time. The food which which I ale distressed me, and in fact, life became almost a burden. I was totally unable to attend to the slightest duties required of me, a great was not described. slightest duties required of me, so great was my de-bility. Having tried all remedies recommended and advertised for the cure of my complaint, visited the Springs, which are so highly recommended, and taken the advice of Physicians without getting relief, I gave up all hopes of ever enjoying good nealth again;—in fact, my physicians frankly told me that they could do nothing for me. At this time my sufferings were very great; all hopes of ever being made comfortable had fled, and I gave myself up to suffer. Accidentally in fled, and I gave myself up to suffer. Accidentally in looking over a newspaper I noticed an advertisement of Dr. Wood's Sarsaparilla and Wild Cherry Bitters, and on reading it I thought that I might probably obtain some relief, not thinking a cure of my case was possible; and as a last hope I procured a bottle from your store and commenced taking it, and to my great joy I at once found relief. Being encouraged by its wonderful effects, I was induced to continue its use. After taking one bottle I was able to be out and attend to the duties, required of me and feeling much listler. to the duties required of me, and feeling much better than I had for mouths, or even years, I was now satisfied that I had at last found a remedy for my disease, and felt assured that by continuing its use I should be cured. And such has proved to be the case. I have now taken only two bottles, and can say to those sufference for the description. fering from this disease that I am entirely cured. keep a bottle in my house, and when I feel the least unpleasant symptom, a dose of this excellent medicine entirely removes it. I am of opinion that every case of Dyspepsia and its attandants can be cured by the use of Dr. Wood's Sarsaparilla and Wild Cherry Buters. . . . To those troubled with habitual Costiveness, loss of appetite, sour stomach or headache, I would carnestly recommend them to try it. Its astonishing effects in my case should induce every one suffering from this disease to give it a trial; I feel satisfied they from this disease to give it a trial; I teel satisfied they will never regret it. You are at liberty to refer any one to me, and it will give me great pleasure to personally recommend the use of that excellent remedy and state the particulars of my case.

Signed, MILES BENNETT.

Signed, MILES BENNETT.

We are acquainted with the above named Miles Bennett, and the statement of the cure described in his certificate can be depended upon as being correct.

MARTIS WIRES, HESRY STOWELL, Att'y at Law

Cambridge, Vt. Sept. 1st, 1847. Cambridge, Vt. Sept. 1st, 1847.

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November 3, 1847. cow1y3

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